

Playtime And Rest

by

Emeline Goadrow



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Playtime And Rest

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By Emeline Goodrow
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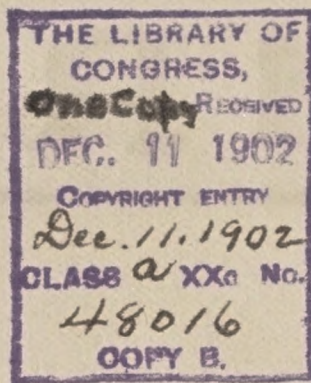
THE LITTLE GIRL

AND HER DOLL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
GERTRUDE GOODROW

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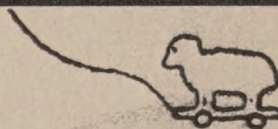
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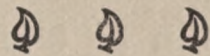
AND SO HERE IS THE LITTLE GIRL
TO WHOM THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.



Playtime and Rest



The Rock - a - Bye Boat.

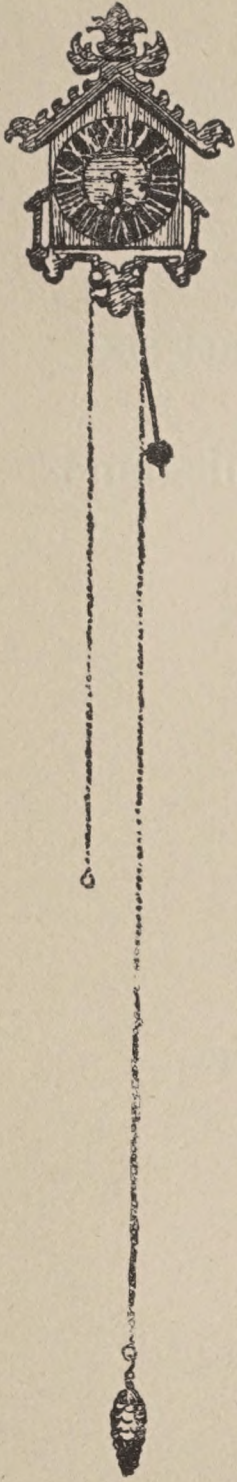


HERE'S a boat that leaves at half-past six
From the busy port of Play,
And it reaches the haven of Slumberland
Before the close of day.

It carries the tiniest passengers,
And it rocks so gently, oh!
When the wee ones nestle in their berths
And the boatman begins to row!

The whistle sounds so low and sweet,
(Like a mother's lullaby),
That the travelers smile and close their eyes,
To dream of angels nigh.

Sometimes the travelers tarry too long
In the busy port of Play,
And the anxious boatman coaxes and calls,
And grieves at their delay.

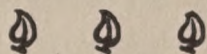


But they come at last to the rocking boat,
Which bears them down the stream,
And drifts them to the Slumberland,
To rest, and sleep, and dream.

The name of the boat is Rock-a-bye,
And it's guided by mother's hand,
For she is the patient boatman, dear,
Who takes you to Slumberland.

Now what is the fare a traveler pays
On a Rock-a-bye boat like this?
Why, the poorest child can afford the price,
For it's only a good-night kiss!

How the Brownies Went Shopping.



JUST as the shadows darkened,
And stars began to peep,
The Brownies went a-shopping
While children were asleep.

Such barg'ining and such buying!
Such calculating strange!
With dandelions for dollars
And buttercups for change!

Bought tiny ferns for feathers,
A harebell for a hat,
A patent willow walking-stick,
A fancy ball and bat!

A grass-blade for a razor,
A mirror made of dew,
And even pollen powder
Was purchased by a few!

But these were quite the vainest,
For wiser Brownies bought
Hand-painted acorn dishes,
Or a mossy-cushioned cot.



The literary Brownies
A golden dollar tossed
For Dame Nature's latest novel,
With drawings by Jack Frost.

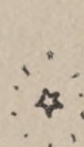
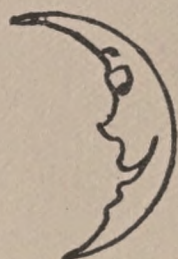
And those with taste artistic
Bought wood-cuts rich and rare,
Or painted pansy faces
Enwreathed with maiden-hair!

Such dainty ladies'-slippers
Enticed the Brownies' gold!
And mantles all of cobweb lace!
Nor yet the story's told,

For instruments of music
Were sure to win their praise,
And so they bought a chime of bells,
For use on Sabbath days!

And (do you think these Brownies
Could quite resist the sight?)
Each bought a tiny "Daisy" wheel!
Then, as Brownies ride by night,

Each found a fire-fly lantern
To light the track afar,
And to pacify the Bogie man
Who shows policeman's star.

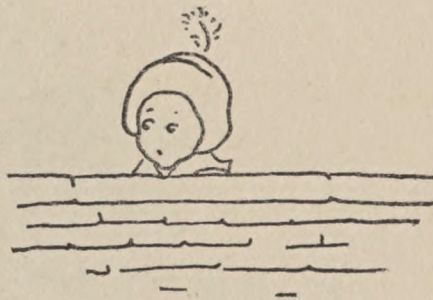


And all the while these Brownies
Were shopping in the glade,
The pied frogs' woodland orchestra
The latest music played.

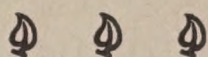
And when the dawn came stealing
And putting out the stars,
The Brownies settled up their bills
And rode home on the cars!

Of course the sunbeams carried
These tiny woodland folk,
And every Brownie reached his home
Before the children woke!

Such barg'ining and such buying,
Such calculating strange!
With dandelions for dollars,
And buttercups for change!



The Cushioned Palace.

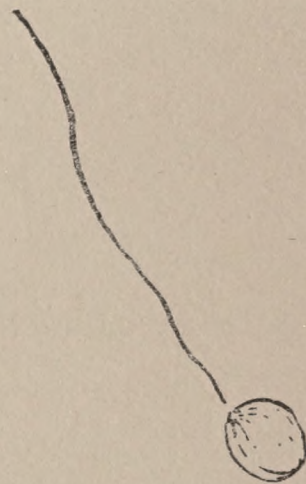


UCH a funny dreamkin
Dreamt the little lambkin,
Nestling in his cradle,
Smiling as he slept;
All his baby troubles
Gone like airy bubbles,
Just one cunning fancy
To his mind has crept.

Bed no longer holds him,
Rocking boat enfolds him,
Floats him gently onward,
Wafts him to the strand

Of a clime immortal,
Where he gains the portal
Of the "Cushioned Palace,"
In the "Children's Land."

Not a thing was wooden,
Padded chairs he stood in,
No more bumps nor bruises
On the forehead fair;

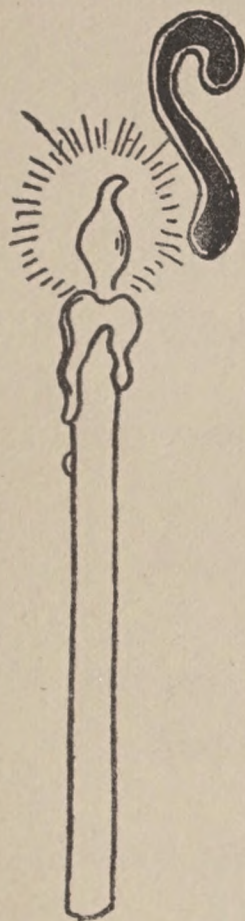
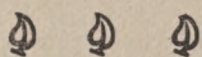


Walls, and floors, and tables,
Cornices and gables,
Soft as downy feathers,
Cushioned o'er with care.

Happy hours spent he,
Thro' the palace went he,
Tumbling down the staircase,
Laughing as he fell;
Glad to have his antics
Without painful frantics—
Falling from the tables,
Bruises, none to tell.

Mother watched her lambkin,
Wondering at the dreamkin,
Stroked the bruised forehead
With her gentle hand;
Never was enlightened
As to what had brightened
Baby's slumber hour
In the "Children's Land."

Lullaby.



SLEEP, my little one, rest,
Cradled on mother's breast,
The brook sings a lullaby low to the flowers,
Birds are asleep in their wild woodland
 bowers,

Sleep, my little one, rest.
Sleep, baby, sleep,
Angels their watch will keep,
Nothing shall harm God's tired little lamb,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Dream, my little one, smile,
Visions of angels the while
Flitting like sunbeams thro' Slumberland skies,
Beautiful pictures for beautiful eyes,
Dream, my little one, smile.

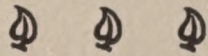
Dream, sweetly dream,
Drifting adown the stream
Which bears thee near to the heavenly shores,
Dream, sweetly dream.

Wake, my pretty one, coo,
Mother's been watching for you,
Watching and dreaming of years yet to be,
Praying the Father, sweet baby, for thee,
Wake, my pretty one, coo.

Wake, coo, coo,
Birdies are singing to you,
Flowers have opened their bright, dewy eyes,
Wake, coo, coo.



The Shooting Star.



I wonder which stars converse with the
 moon,
 As he roams about in the sky ;
I suppose he is fond of the clever ones,
 Who can make a bright reply.

He was out for a regular frolic one
 night,
 And his jokes must all have been
 new,
For one little star was laughing so hard
 She fell right out of the blue !

Then the man in the moon looked sober
 at once,
 For he loved his bright little friend,
And he sent a willing moonbeam down
 To help her to ascend.



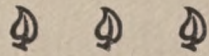
But the poor little star was going so fast
That the moonbeam gave up the chase,
And sadly returned to the anxious moon,
Who hid his pallid face.

The man in the moon did not smile for an hour,
And the stars were veiled in tears,
Then a twinkle, a blink, and a roll of the moon,
And I knew they had all lost their fears.

The bright little star which had fallen to earth
Changed into a beautiful flower,
And the children call it the "Shooting Star,"
And seek it in every bower.



A Cunning Little Cook.



A cunning little cook
And a kitchen made of tin,
A funny cooking-book,
I wonder what's within.

Now dimpled hands of brown
Are busy as can be;
There's no one in the town
Can cook so wonderfully.

"Eleven o'clock! Oh, dear!
The dinner will be late!
Now, children, do you hear?
Don't talk at such a rate!"

"You've quite upset my nerves
By making such a noise!
Be quiet now, and kind,
Or I'll put away your toys!"

'Tis time to fry the fish!

Slap! On the pan they go,
Then in a scalloped dish!

(They're candy fish, you know).

Ah! There are Boston beans!

(Shelled peanuts, skeptics say!)

But even kings and queens
Might relish them to-day!

Dessert! Cranberry tarts!

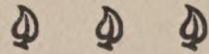
How many she has made!
Of culinary arts
She's surely not afraid;

Ah, here she comes! A smile,
A pretty, grown-up air,—
"Will you stay and sup awhile?
You're welcome to my fare!"

I can't resist the mite,
So down I lay my book;
I relish every bite,
And I have to kiss the cook!



The Cloud-Lambs.



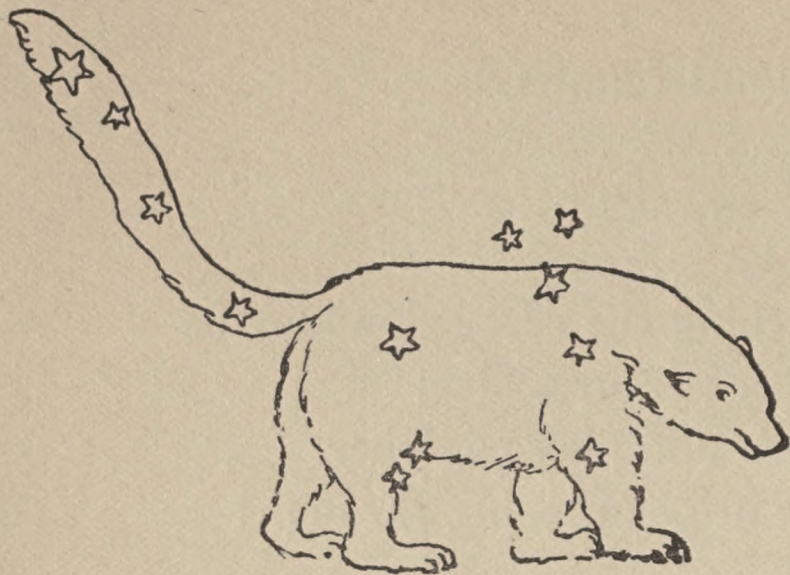
'VE been watching the fleecy cloud-lambs
In the upper pastures blue;
How they frolic and play together
The whole bright evening through!

The moon, their aged shepherd,
Is a safe, unerring guide;
He leads them up the mountain,
Then down on the other side.

There are prowling foes in the pasture,
And the shepherd dare not sleep,
For the Great Bear waits each evening
To scatter the pretty sheep.

And the Little Bear, too, is watching
With his bright and piercing eyes,
To seize upon some lambkin
Who wanders away in the skies.

I am sure you have watched the shearers
When the short'ning days grow cold,
And have seen the fleecy showers
That fall from the lambkins' fold.



I suppose they are sheared
in the winter
So their soft, warm
coats may fall
And cover the shivering
flowers
Till the sunbeams
waken all.

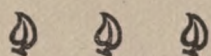
Their new coats grow in a twinkling,
And they're ever ready to give
Of their pretty, fleecy covering,
That the seeds and flowers may live.

Come watch with me the shearing,
For I see that the fold is full.
Ah! here comes a tiny snowflake!
A lambkin's coat of wool!





Lullaby.



The dear little lambs of the sky
Are asleep in their pastures on high,
And violets blue
Nod dreamily, too,

So sleep, little baby of mine.
Close pretty eyelids and rest,
Robin has flown to his nest,
There's nothing to fear,
For mother is near,
Sleep, little baby of mine.

The Shepherd looks down from above,
That nothing may harm you, my love,
He knoweth His sheep,
And kind watch will keep,

So sleep, little baby of mine.
Baby and birdling and flower
Must rest till the bright morning hour,
Little eyes should be closed,
In slumber reposed,
Sleep, little baby of mine.



The Golden Ship.

Φ Φ Φ



RE you ready to go a-sailing,
dear,

In the beautiful golden ship?
It floats through the skies toward
the setting sun,
And fairies the light oars dip.

Its starting place is at Sleepy Lane,
And it sails till it reaches the shore
Of that pleasant land called Happy Dreams,
Which is close to heaven's door.

So near is it to the Golden Gate
That angels play on the strand;
They are watching now for baby to come
And join their happy band!

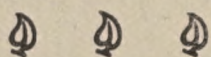
With them you may roam through meadows fair,
And gather the star-flowers bright;
You may play with the fleecy cloud-lambs, too,
That gambol there by night.

And when the beautiful golden ship
Comes back with the eastern glow,
The fairies will take you home again
To the foot of Wake-up Row.

O fair is the ship, the golden ship,
Which bears you to Happy Dreams!
God grant thee a voyage of safety and rest
Till the morning sunlight gleams!



How the Seedlings Were Awakened.



THROUGH the night of winter
The baby seeds had slept
In their soft, brown cradles,
And so warm they kept,
Every little fellow,
Just before he woke,
Kicked aside the covers,
Much like human folk!

Then each one turned over
For another snooze!
Lazy little seedlings,
Afraid your nap to lose!
Hark! a sudden clamor
Rouses them at last!
Up starts pale Anemone,
Her pretty face aghast!

“What is it, dear Hepatica?
I really am afraid!
Just hear that buzz and clatter
Above us in the glade!”
Hepatica is speechless,
And Violet’s blue eyes
Look up in timid questioning,
And pretty, grave surprise.



"Let's ask our Mother Nature!

What is it, mother, dear?

We all have been quite frightened

Such awful sounds to hear!"

Old Nature laughed so hearty

To think how they'd awoke!

"You foolish little seedlings!

I did it for a joke!"

"'Twas just my old alarm clock

I set above your heads!

I knew 'twould take a clamor

To get you from your beds!

Old March is my alarm clock,

But now his work is through,
So hurry, little seedlings!

The children wait for you!"

Then up sprang every seedling

Beside the woodland path,

And being very cleanly

They took an April bath!

Then, dressed in gayest colors,

They beckoned sunny May,

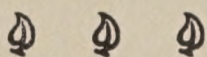
And bade her tell the children

'Twas spring-time holiday!





The Wee One's Hour.



WHEN the Wee One's Hour draweth near,
A small maid climbs on my knee,
And in her childish voice and clear,
She reads sweet things to me.

'Tis only, "Ned is a good boy,"
Or, "Kitty loves to play,"
"Fanny has a pretty toy,"
Or, "This girl's name is May."

But never did the deepest lore
Of poet or of sage,
So wonderfully fascinate,
Nor greater care assuage.

And talk of gestures! There are none
So graceful and so free,
As those which childishly are done
By the maid who reads to me.

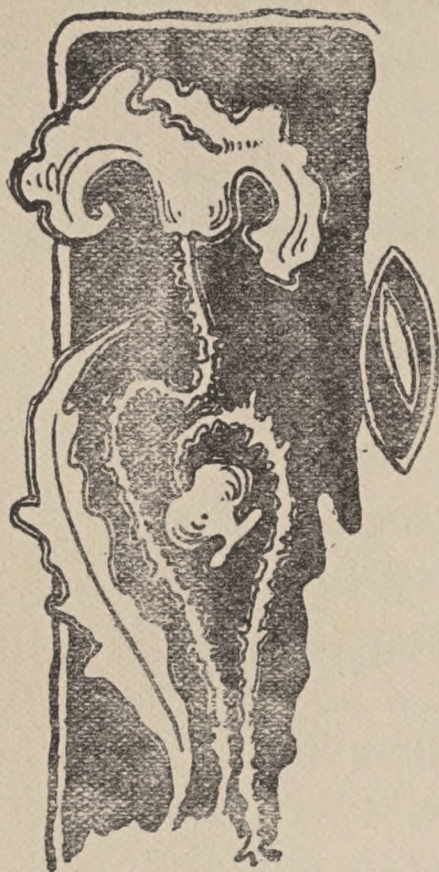
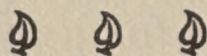
The tireless little finger works
Across the page and back,
And never for a moment shirks,—
'Tis really quite a knack.

But who is this ? Why, can it be
The Wee One's Hour is here?
Well, climb up, darling, on my knee,—
Now all is ready, dear.

'Tis only, "Ned is a good boy,"
Or, "Kitty loves to play,"
"Fanny has a pretty toy,"
Or, "This girl's name is May."

But never did the deepest lore
Of poet or of sage,
So wonderfully fascinate,
Nor greater care assuage.

How Johnny-Jump-Up Killed Witch-Hazel.



POPPY, may I go and play
Awhile with cousin Daisy?
I have kept still so very long,
It's made me rather lazy!"

"If Motherwort is willing, dear,"
Said Poppy, as he nodded,
So over to kind Motherwort
Small Johnny-Jump-Up plodded.

"Why, no, my son," said Motherwort,
When his request she heeded;
"I cannot let you go and play
When here your help is needed!"

"It must be nearly Four-O'clock,
And Poppy has invited
Jack-In-The-Pulpit here to tea,
For really, he's been slighted!"

“He’s lived in yonder forest green
Since early in the season,
And why he’s not been asked before
Is quite beyond all reason!”

“So hurry, dear. This Shepherd’s-Purse
Contains a Pennyroyal;
Buy freshest Butter-and-Eggs for me
From Bouncing Betty loyal.”

“And do not linger on the way
For fear of old Witch-Hazel;
She hides herself in forest gloom
Beneath the scented Basil!”

“I’ll shoot her with an Arrow-Grass
If she dares to come near me!
And my Blue Flag I’ll carry, too,
For then, perhaps, she’ll fear me!”



So forth went Johnny-Jump-Up brave
To market for his mother.
He bought for her fresh Butter-and-Eggs
From Bouncing Betty's brother.

But, homeward bound, a Burning-Bush
Attracted his attention ;
'Twas lighted by the cunning Witch,
For reasons I'll not mention.

And as beside the Burning-Bush
Small Johnny-Jump-Up halted,
He saw Witch-Hazel on a Broom,
And, lo! The bush she vaulted!

Then not a moment did he lose!
The Blue Flag he set flying!
He aimed an Arrow-Grass so well,
Witch-Hazel soon was dying!

And longing for a trophy rare
To prove his thrilling story,
He bore the Witch's Bleeding Heart
And hastened home in glory!

Jack-In-The-Pulpit had arrived,
The sun was near its setting,
And over Johnny-Jump-Up's stay
Good Motherwort was fretting.

But when he had the story told
Of how he killed Witch-Hazel,
Who hid herself in forest gloom
Beneath the scented Basil,

Good Motherwort her fears forgot,
And Poppy nodded proudly,
Jack-In-The-Pulpit blessed the lad,
And spoke his praises loudly!



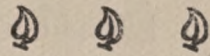
A sumptuous feast was quickly spread,
In honor of his daring;
The Ragged Robin sang a song
His bravery declaring!

And when the Star of Bethlehem
Was dimmed by Morning Glory,
The guests departed to their homes,
But none forgot the story.

So if you'll listen carefully
As through the fields you're walking,
Some day you'll hear the forest flowers
Of this brave hero talking.



Rock - a - Bye.



F COURSE, you're not sleepy, I know,
Only tired of your romping and play;
Come, nestle up close to me, so,
And we'll rock all the tiredness away.

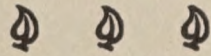
The birdie rocks high on the crest
Of the drowsily-swinging pine bough,

And he trills a sweet carol of rest,
For he's home from his journeyings
now.

"Lullaby," sings the bird in the tree,
The dear little bird in its nest;
"Lullaby," sings thy mother to thee,
The tired little dove on her breast.

God watch both the birdies, asleep
Through the long, quiet hours of
night;
May they rest till the sunshine doth
peep
O'er the mountains in bright rosy
light.

The Little Millionaire.



HAVEN'T you seen him yet,—

The little millionaire?

He's the household pride and pet,

Hear him boast of his fortunes rare.

Why, he owns a castle bright,

With turrets and towers bold;

I watched him build it to-night,

And it's worth its weight in gold!

And here is the finest steed

That ever a rider knew,

A rare and costly breed,

Of which there are very few.

This helmet and sword have been

Through many a bloody fight;

Their wearer is sure to win,

For they give him strength and
might.

Here are books and pictures rare,
And trinkets of priceless worth ;
Do you think our millionaire
Is a child of common birth?

But dearest of all his gold
To me is his golden hair,
Forming, of worth untold,
A crown for the millionaire!



A Disrespectful Pansy.

Φ Φ Φ



ONCE a saucy pansy,
Forgetting to be shy,
Made dreadful faces at me,
Because I passed her by!

Such a silly flower!
I wonder if she thought
I'd want to pluck a posy
Who'd been so poorly
taught!

When I looked upon her,
She puckered up her face,
And made a disrespectful,
Unladylike grimace!

Naughty, naughty pansy,
Her sisters looked ashamed,
For everywhere have pansies
For modest ways been famed.

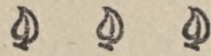
All well-mannered blossoms
Were invited in to tea,
But the rude and saucy flower
I could not bear to see.

So I left her standing
Alone there in her shame,
And I would not call her "Pansy,"
For she'd disgraced the name!

I've called her "Johnny-Jump-Up"
Ever since that day,
And unless she mends her manners,
The name will have to stay.



The Rock-a-Bye Coach.



Come, darling, nestle close to my side,
And we'll take a journey together,
For this old rocking-chair is a coach,
And it runs in all sorts of weather.

Whether it snows or whether it rains,
Or whether the sun is gleaming,
The Rock-a-bye Coach rolls on its way,
To the land of rest and dreaming.

Oh, hurry, dear, for the coach won't wait!

"Toot, toot!" the horn is blowing!

We're off at last for Slumberland,

And aren't you glad we're going?

Whether it snows or whether it rains,

Or whether the sun is gleaming,

The Rock-a-bye Coach rolls on its way,

To the land of rest and dreaming.

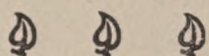
Rattlety-bang! goes the dear old coach,
As over the road it rumbles,
But never fear, my little one,
Though it rocks and rolls and tumbles.
Whether it snows or whether it rains,
Or whether the sun is gleaming,
The Rock-a-bye Coach rolls on its way,
To the land of rest and dreaming.

Oh! many a ride has mother had
In this same old-fashioned way, dear,
But that was long, long years ago,
When she was a child at play here.
Whether it snows or whether it rains,
Or whether the sun is gleaming,
The Rock-a-bye Coach rolls on its way,
To the land of rest and dreaming.

The driver calls out, "Slumberland!"
And the coach goes slower, slower,
While two pretty eyelids, snowy white,
Droop lower, lower, lower.
Whether it snows or whether it rains,
Or whether the sun is gleaming,
The Rock-a-bye Coach rolls on its way,
To the land of rest and dreaming.

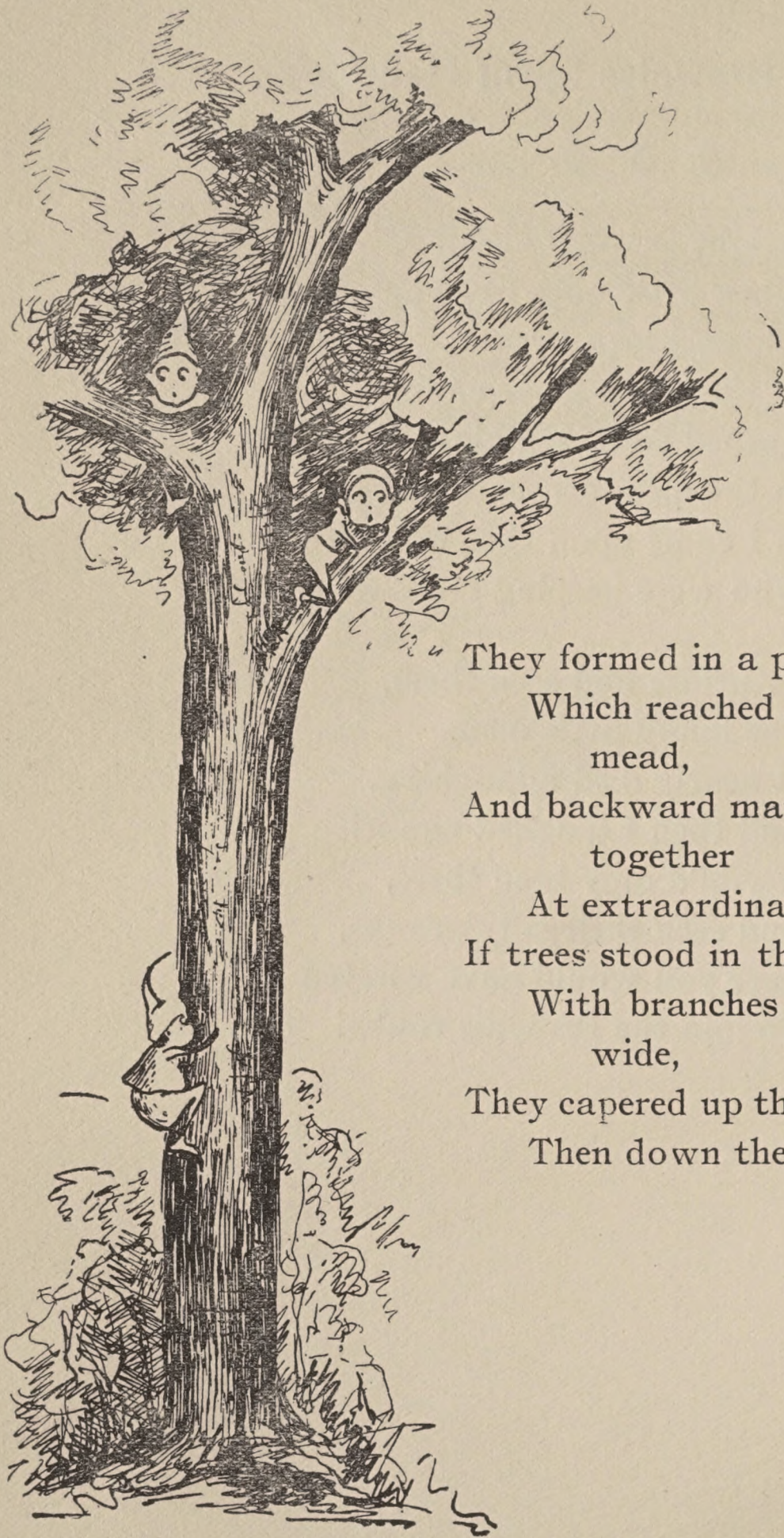


How the Brownies Spent Hallowe'en.



One bright October evening,
When little ones like you
Had floated into Dreamland,
In the Hush-a-bye canoe,
I happened to be walking
In the meadow, cool and green,
When I came upon the Brownies,
Who were keeping Hallowe'en!

I ne'er before had seen them,
The funny little men,
And I nearly died a-laughing,
And then I laughed again!
Oh, if you'd only been there,
And seen their silly pranks,
I'm sure you would have wanted
To join the Brownie ranks!



They formed in a procession
Which reached across the
mead,
And backward marched
together

At extraordinary speed!
If trees stood in their pathway,
With branches spreading
wide,
They capered up the tree-trunks,
Then down the other side!

They tried to balance acorns
On each funny little nose,
And dangled chiming hare-bells
From wriggling little toes!
They visited the squirrels'
New home inside the log,
And entertained the babies
By playing at leap-frog!

They sailed on rafts of mushrooms
Across the dancing lake,
And there they lunched on cheeses
And rarest turtle steak!
They drank from dainty goblets
All sparkling with the dew,
And felt refreshed for mischief
The minute they were through!





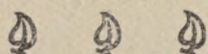
What seemed to me the queerest
Of all their elfish tricks,
Was the way they danced the two-step,
Their feet weighed down with bricks!
'Twas the funniest dancing party
I ever did attend,
And I laughed from the beginning
Till the clownish jig did end!

They floated red rose-berries
On the lake beside the wood,
And dived to see who'd get one
Before his neighbor could!
They played "puss wants a corner,"
Way up in an oak tree.
And why they didn't tumble
Was a mystery to me!

The east was growing rosy
When they had ceased their play,
And as the fun was over
I hastened me away.
If anyone should doubt me,
And think this all a joke,
Let him take the walk which I took,
And watch the Brownie folk!



The Fairies on Dandelion Green.



The fairies have a
custom,
(When they can't be
seen),
Of gathering up the
dollars
From the dandelion
green !

Each summer evening
finds them
Adding to their
store,
And e'en when nights
grow chilly,
They still are gath-
ering more.

And when their work is
finished
The fairies hie
away,
To drop their golden
treasures
Where dollars seldom
stay !

Into the poor man's pocket
 They thrust one just for fun,
And lest he should not find it,
 They add another one!

And when they know the widow
 Has used her scanty share,
They enter, sly and quiet,
 And leave their treasure there.

'Tis strange about these fairies,
 But the story sure is true,
For once they left a present
 In my old dancing shoe!

Of course I'd heard about them,
 And I left it standing there
Convinced that when they found it,
 I'd have my proper share!

One night these woodland fairies
On the dandelion green,
Found all the dollars missing!
Just fleecy balls were seen!

“What bitter disappointment!”
“But,” quoth the fairy king,
“We have of gold sufficient
To last until the spring.”

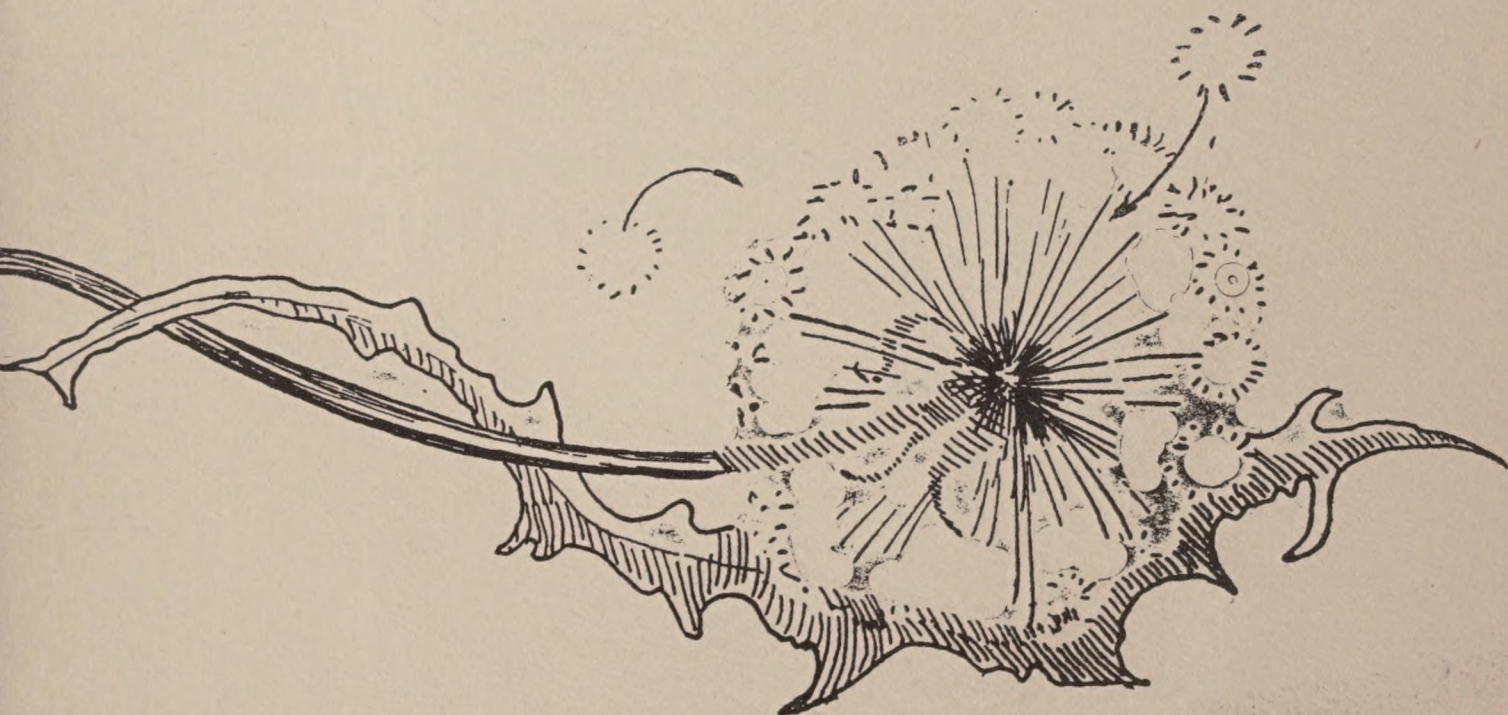
“So let us now be merry!
These balls are just the thing
For dainty fairy fingers
To deftly toss and fling!”

Then not a moment lost they,
But quicker than a wink,
Each grasped a fairy snow-ball
Before his foe could think!

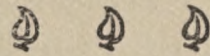
Such racing and such scrambling,
Such tossing and such fun,
Such pelting and such dodging
Were surely never done!

And when they grew quite weary
Of this most merry play,
They danced about the battle-
ground,
And then they flew away!

Now if you think this story
Is foolish fancy quite,
Just watch the dandelion green
Some breezy summer night !



A Child's Fancy.



'VE wondered, oh, so many times,
What lights the stars at night,
And now, at last I've found it out!
I know that I am right!

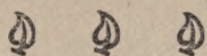
For only half an hour ago
A band of bright fireflies
Danced in and out among the trees,
A-searching for the skies!

And just a minute after that
The stars shone clear and bright!
Of course, the fireflies lighted them!
Now, tell me, am I right?



*BUT ONE OR TWO SHOW SIGNS OF A POUT
AND BEG NOT TO GO AT ALL.*

The Two O'Clock Train.



The two o'clock train has just pulled out,
With its crowd of passengers small,
"Good-bye!" they call with a merry shout,
But one or two show signs of a pout,
And beg not to go at all.

"For we're not a wee bit sleepy," they say,
"And we're tired of the two o'clock train!
We'd rather frolic and laugh and play;
Oh, please don't make us journey to-day,
Down the same old Sleepy Lane!"

But somehow or other they yield at last;
And smiling a happy good-bye,
They nod and blink, for the train flies fast,
And houses and trees go hurrying past
Like giant birds in the sky.

The two o'clock train is a sleeper, you know,
And travels at swiftest speed
Through a wonderful land where dreamkins grow,
And no big folks are allowed to go,
No matter how hard they plead.

The sleeper returns with its precious band
Before the bright sun is low,
While mothers wait, with outstretched hand,
To welcome back to Wake-up Land
The babies they cherish so.

And after the baby opens her eyes
And is seated in mother's lap,
The two o'clock train, away it flies,
And it won't return (though she cries and cries),
Till it's time for another nap!

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